

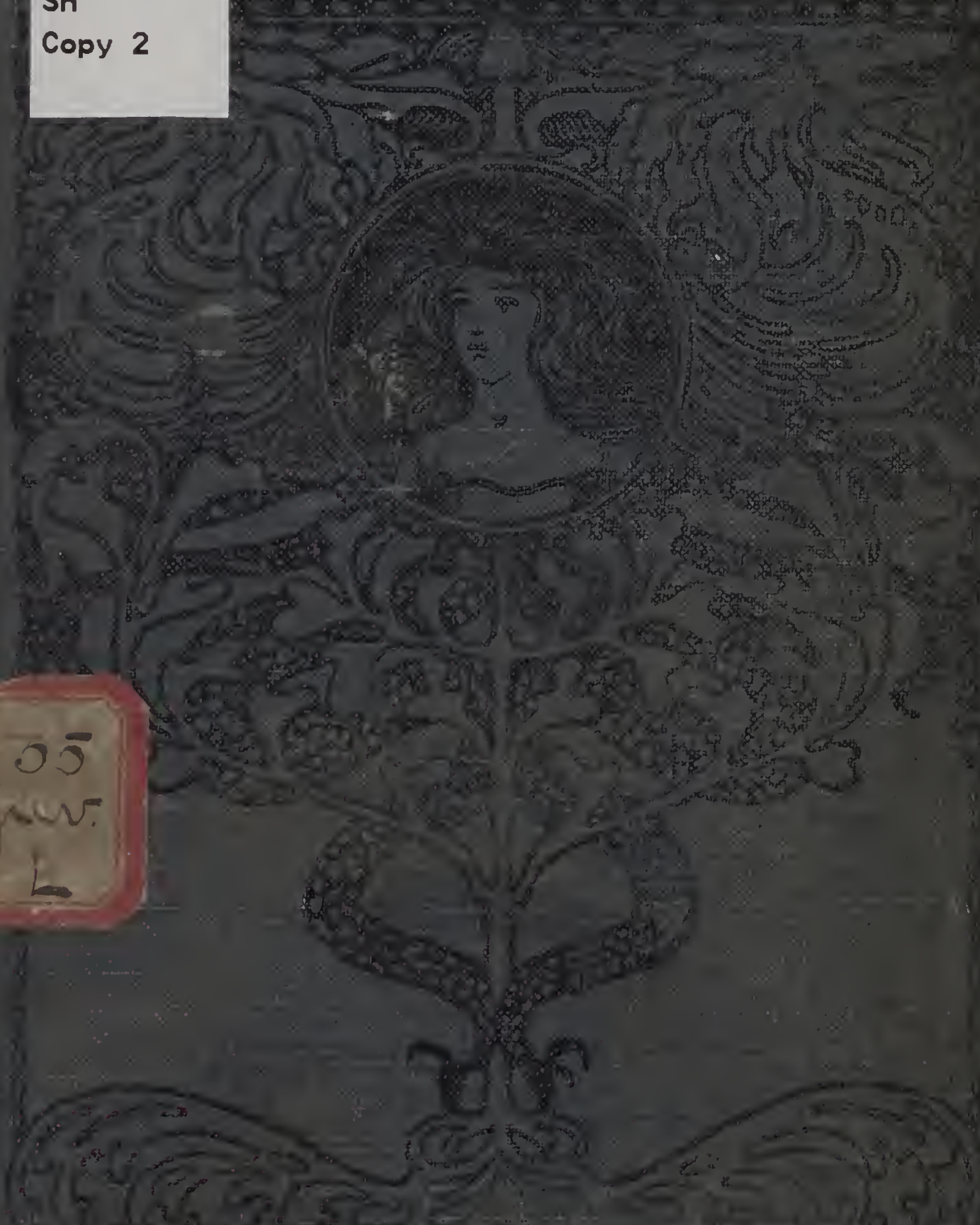
FT
MEADE

PZ 8
.L15

Sn
Copy 2

THE
TWO
TOWNSMAN
OTHER FAIRY STORIES

55
per
L





Class 35

Book 4

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



S.R.P.

“THE BOYS HAD FINE FUN.”

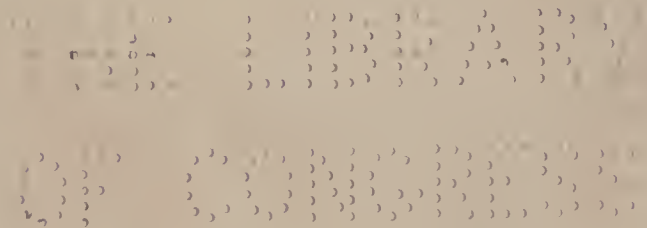
THE SNOW MAN

AND OTHER STORIES

BASED ON THE TALES IN THE FAIRY BOOKS

EDITED BY

ANDREW LANG



NEW YORK

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

91 and 93 FIFTH AVENUE

1903

THE SNOW MAN

“How cold it is,” said the Snow Man.

“The wind will kill me!

“How that red thing up there does stare at me!”

It was the sun.

The poor Snow Man had two bits of slate for his eyes, and he had an old rake in his mouth for teeth.

The boys had fine fun when they made him.

The sun went down, and the moon rose high in the dark blue sky.

“There it is again on the other side,” said the Snow Man.

He did not know it was the moon.

“I hope it will stay with me, so that I may see how pretty I am.

“I do wish I could move about.

“I should like to slide on the ice, there, as the boys do.”

“Bow, wow!” said the dog, “the sun will soon teach you to run and slide.”

“Thank you,” said the Snow Man. “Will that thing up there teach me to run and slide?”

“Yes, he will,” said the dog.

“Well, it can run fast, for I saw it just now over there on that side, and now it is here on this side.”



"The Sun will soon teach you to run"
said the Dog.

“Why, you are silly,” said the dog; “you do not know anything, for the boys have only just made you.

“The thing you see up there in the sky is the moon.

“The other thing you saw over there was the sun.

“He will make you run when he shines on you.”

“I do not know what you mean,” said the Snow Man.

“Bow, wow!” said the dog. And then he ran home.

The next day when the sun rose, the sight was beautiful, all the trees looked white.

“Is it not a pretty sight!” said a little girl, as she looked out of her window.

“And is not the Snow Man a beauty!” she said.

“Who is that little girl?” said the Snow Man to the dog, who had come again.

“How very little you know!” said the dog.

“The cold is nice,” said the Snow Man. “Little Dog, do tell me all the news.”

“Bow, wow!” said the dog.

The next day was much warmer, and very soon the poor Snow Man went down, down and never said a word.

Soon he was quite gone.

“Poor man!” said the dog. “I am sorry for him.”

Before long the spring time came, and with it the birds and

the flowers. No one thought of the poor Snow Man.

And the little girl sang:—

“Woods, your nice green dress put on!
Willows, your woolly gloves put on!
Lark and Cuckoo, gaily sing,
February has brought us Spring!
My heart joins in your song so sweet.
Come out, dear Sun, the world to greet.”

THE WOLF AND THE FOX

THERE was a man and his wife who had an old cat and an old dog.

One day the man, Tim, said to his wife, Sue, "We will not keep our old cat any longer.

"She never catches mice, and so she is of no use to us. I will kill her."

But his wife said, "Do not do so; I am sure she will kill the mice."

"No, no," said Tim, "she will not. The next time I see her I will put her in the water tub."

Sue felt very sad, and so did the poor cat, for she had heard every word.

When Tim went off to his work the cat said, "Mew, mew!"

Sue felt very sorry for her, so she gave the cat some milk, and told her to run for her life, and to get far away.

So the cat ran away as fast as she could into the wood.

"So much the better for her," said Tim, when his wife told him the cat had run away.

"And now we have got rid of her, we must get rid of the old dog too.

"The best thing I can do with him is to hang him," said Tim.

“I can see a large army, and one of them has a very big gun.”

This was the cat coming along with her tail standing up.

It was very hot, and the bear said, “They will not be here for a long time, so I will just curl myself up in the fork of this tree and have a nap.”

Then the wolf lay down under the oak tree, and the wild boar covered himself with some straw, so that nothing was seen of him but one ear.

And while they were asleep the fox, the cat, and the dog came to the place.

When the cat saw the wild boar's ear, she sprang upon it

thinking it was a mouse in the straw.

The wild boar got up in a great fright and ran away.



But the cat was more afraid than the wild boar, so she sprang up into the fork of the tree, right

into the bear's face, for she did not see him.

Now the bear was so much afraid, that he fell down on the top of the wolf, and killed him.

On their way home from the war, the fox caught a lot of mice.

When they got home to the house, the fox put all the mice on the door step, and said to the cat:—

“Go and take one mouse after the other and lay them down at your master's feet.”

“All right,” said the cat. And she did as the fox told her.

When Sue saw this, she said, “See, here is our old cat back

again. Look what a lot of mice she has caught.”

“Well, well,” said Tim, “I never thought the old cat would ever catch another mouse.”

And Sue said, “There, you see, I always said our old cat was a good one.”

The fox said to the dog, “Your master has just killed a pig.

“When it gets a little darker you must go into the yard and bark with all your might.”

As soon as it grew darker the dog began to bark with all his might.

Sue said to Tim, “Our dog must have come back; I hear him barking.

“Do go out, and see; some one



“ SHE SAID TO TIM, ‘ YOU SEE I WAS RIGHT. ’ ”

may be stealing our pork," but Tim would not go into the yard. He said that he was too tired.

The next day Sue got up early. She thought she would go and see her aunt, and take her a bit of pork.

But when she went into the pantry, she found that it was all gone.

She said to Tim, "You see I was right. Some one has stolen all our pork."

The fox had stolen the pork and taken it away.

Was he not a sly old fellow?

THE RAT CATCHER

A VERY long time ago, in a country far away, there was a town which was full of rats.

Some were black, some were white, some were brown and some were gray.

They ran about the streets and in and out of the houses by day and by night.

The people could not put a hand or foot down without touching one.

They ate up all the food in the town.

No cats, nor dogs, nor traps

could rid the town of these rats.

The more they killed, the more there came.

One day there came to the town such a funny man, with a long, long nose.

He had a pipe on which he played a pretty tune, and he sang a pretty song.

This funny man had very small, black eyes, and he wore a large felt hat with a red feather in it.

He also wore a green jacket, a leather belt, red breeches, and on his feet old leather shoes.

He stood in the market-place and sang:—

“ Who lives shall see,
This is he,
The Rat Catcher.”

The funny man said, if the people would pay him well he



would soon send all the rats away.

The people told the funny man to send all the rats away, and they would pay him well.

When the moon rose up that night, over the hill, the funny man began to play on his pipe, and to sing his pretty song:—

“Who lives shall see,
This is he,
The Rat Catcher.”

Then all the rats in the town came out and ran after him.

The funny man went down to the river with the rats, and he said to them:—

“Hop, hop, my little rats.”

And every one of them hopped into the river.

Now when the Rat Catcher

came back to the market-place for his money, he said:—

“All your rats are dead. Not one of them will come back. Give me my money.”

But they would not give him his money. They only laughed.

The funny man was very angry, and he said, “If you do not give me my money, you will be sorry for it.”

That night when the people went back to their homes, there was not a child to be found.

“Where are our little ones?” the mothers cried.

And this is what they were told.

As soon as the Rat Catcher came out of the market-place, he began to play on his pipe.

Then all the little boys and all the little girls came out of their houses, and ran after him.



What had become of these poor little ones? No one could tell.

The Rat Catcher had taken them far away to a country over the sea.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

A PIG once lived with her three little baby pigs in a nice little house, in the yard.

The eldest pig was called Brownny.

The second pig was called Whitey.

And the third and best pig was called Blacky.

Now Brownny was a very dirty little pig, and I am sorry to say he spent most of his time in the mud.

Brownny was happy on a wet day, when the mud in the yard was soft and thick.

“So I will give you each a little house of your own.

“This dear old sty will be the home of a new set of little pigs.

“Now, Brownny, dear,” said the mother, “what kind of a house would you like to have?”

“A house of mud, mother dear,” said Brownny.

“And you, Whitey?” said the mother pig in a sad voice, for she was so sorry to hear Brownny say he wanted a house of mud.

“I would like a house of cabbage, mother, dear,” said Whitey, with her mouth full.

“Oh! dear! dear!” said the mother, “how sorry I am to hear you say this, Whitey.

“And you, my dear Blacky, what kind of a house would you like?” said the mother to her baby pig.

“I would like a house of brick, mother, dear,” said Blacky, “where I can be safe and warm all the year.”

“What a dear, good, little pig you are, Blacky,” said the mother. “I will see that your three little houses are got ready at once.

“Now, my dear little pigs, you must beware of the fox.

“When he hears that I am dead, he will be sure to try and catch you, and he will carry you off to his den.

“He is very sly, and you must not trust him.”

So the little pigs said, "Mother dear, do not fret about us. We will see that the fox does not catch us nor carry us off to his den."

Soon after this the poor old mother pig died, and the three little pigs went to live in their new houses.

Brownny was much pleased with his house of mud. It was just like a big mud pie, and he was so dirty and happy in it.

One day a little small voice said:—

"May I come in, Mr. Brownny? I want to see your new house."

"Who are you?" said Brownny, in a great fright; he was sure it was the fox.

“I have come to see you,” said the voice.

“No! no!” said Brownny, “you are the fox, I am sure. I will not let you in.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Fox, “we will see about that.”

The fox soon made a hole in the mud with his paws, and ran off with poor Brownny to his den.

The next day the fox went to see Whitey, and said in his little wee voice, “May I come in, Miss Whitey?”

“Who are you?” said Whitey.

“I have come to see you,” said the fox, “and I should like to take dinner with you.”

“Go away,” said Whitey, “I am sure you are the fox.”

But, alas! it was too late, the fox ate his way through the cab-



bage into the house, and took Whitey off to his den.

The day after that he went to Blacky's house, for he had made

up his mind he would have all three of the little pigs.

Mr. Fox gave a loud knock at the door and said:—

“Oh! Mr. Blacky, do let me in, here are some nice eggs for you.”

“No! no! you bad fox,” said Blacky, “go away, I will not let you in.

“You have taken off my poor little brother and sister; but you shall not have me.”

“We will see about that,” said the fox, and he began to bang at the door, with all his might.

But it was of no use, the fox could not get in, because the house was made of bricks.

“Never mind, Mr. Blacky,” said

the fox, "I will have you some day."

Next day Blacky went to market and bought a big gun.

When he got home he locked the door and waited for Mr. Fox.

Just then Mr. Fox came very softly to the door. Blacky opened it and shot the fox through the head, and killed him.

Then Blacky ran off to the den of the fox and set free his little brother and sister, Brownny and Whitey.

Poor little pigs! they were so full of joy when they saw Blacky. They thought it was the fox who had come back to eat them up.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE was once a man and his wife: they lived in a little hut near to the sea.

The man went down to the sea every day to fish, and he would fish and fish and fish.

He used to sit with his rod and look into the water and think.

Now one day his line went down a long way under the water, and he caught a very big flat fish.

The flat fish said, "Listen to me, my good man, I pray you

let me go, I am not a real fish,
I am a fairy prince.

“What good will it do you, if



you kill me? I shall not taste
well.

“Put me back again into the
water, and let me swim away.”

“Well,” said the man, “I am
sure I do not want a fish that

can talk ; swim away Fairy, Prince.”

With these words he put him back again into the water, and the fish swam away.

Then the man got up and went home to his wife in the hut.

“My dear,” said his wife, “have you caught any fish to-day?”

“No!” said the man. “I caught a large flat fish, but he said he was a fairy prince, so I let him swim away again.”

“Did you not ask the fairy prince for anything?” said his wife.

“No!” said the man. “What would you have me ask of him?”

“Ah!” said the wife, “it is sad to have to live in this little hut

all our lives. You should have asked the fairy prince for a cottage.

“Go now and call to him, and



“DID YOU NOT ASK THE FAIRY PRINCE FOR ANYTHING?” SAID
HIS WIFE

ask him to give us a little cottage, and I am sure if he is a fairy prince he will give it to us.”

The man did not like to go down there again; but to please his wife he went down to the sea.

When he got there, the sea did not look as it did when he had left it; it was quite green.

So he stood on the shore, and said, "Come here, Fairy Prince, I want to speak to you."

And the big flat fish swam up to him and said, "What do you want of me?"

"My wife is tired of living in our little hut. She would like to have a pretty little cottage to live in."

"Go home, my man, and tell your wife she may have one."

"Thank you, Prince," said the man.

So the man went home to his wife, and found her sitting, not in the little hut where he had left her, but in a very pretty little cottage, with roses all over it.

She took him by the hand and said to him, "Is not this a pretty cottage? Look at the pretty roses on it."

When they went into the cottage they found a tiny hall, a pretty little sitting room, a bedroom with a nice bed in it, a kitchen and a dining room and everything they wanted for their use.

Outside was a little yard in which were chickens and ducks and a little garden full of flowers.

“Now,” said the wife, “is not this nice? We shall be happy here.”

And the man said, “We will see about that.”

So they had supper and went to bed.

All went well for two or three weeks, when the wife said, “This cottage is much too small for us, and so is the yard and garden. I should like to live in a big stone house.

“Go and ask the fairy prince to give us a big stone house.”

“Ah, wife,” said the man, “the cottage is so nice to live in, why do you want a big stone house?”

“I do not like to go to the prince again, he might be cross.”

“Go,” said his wife, “he is so kind, he will give it us at once.”

The man did not like to go, for he said it was not right; but yet he went.

When he came down to the sea, he called to the prince and said, “Fairy Prince, my wife is tired of the cottage, she wants to live in a big stone house.”

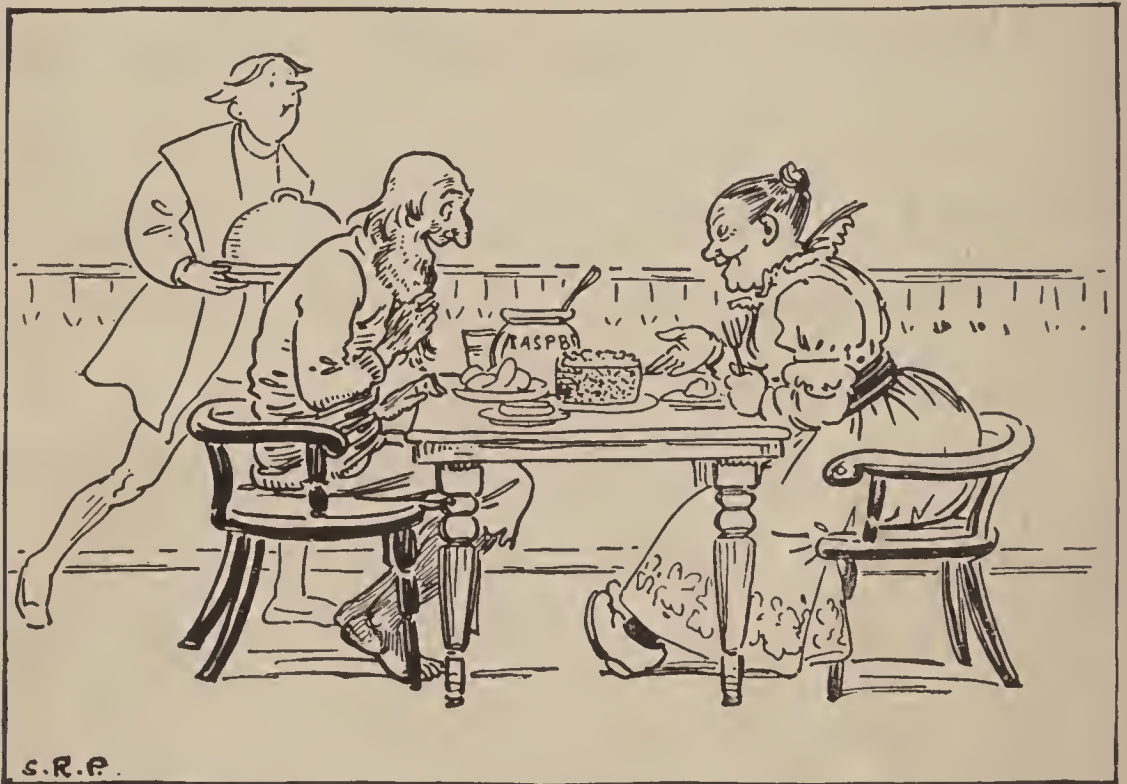
“Go home,” said the fairy prince, “she may have one.”

“Thank you, Prince,” said the man.

When he went home he found the cottage had turned into a big stone house. There were a lot of servants in it and nice rooms all full of pretty things.

The best food was set before

them—cakes and jam. Outside the house there was a yard with a shed, and horses, coaches, and cows in it; lovely gardens filled



THE BEST FOOD WAS SET BEFORE THEM

with flowers and fruit, and in the park were deer and hares, and everything one could wish for.

“Now,” said the wife, “is not

“Yes,” said his wife. “Now I am king, we shall be happy.”

“We will see about that,” said the Man.

But she was not happy yet. Next day she wanted to be more than king.

The man went down to the sea again, but the water was as black as ink, and he said to the prince, “My wife is not happy yet.”

“What does she want now?” said the fairy prince.

“She wants to be more than king,” said the man.

Then the wind began to blow, a great storm came up, and it was quite dark; the sea was tossing in great high waves, and each

wave had a white crest of foam upon it.

“Go home now,” said the fairy



prince, “I have sent you back to your little hut.”

And they are there to this day.

THE THREE BEARS

ONCE on a time, there were three bears.

They lived in a nice little house, in a big wood.

One of them was a little wee baby bear.

The next one was a bigger bear; she was the mother.

The third one was a very big bear; he was the father.

The little wee baby bear had a very small weak voice.

The mother bear had a louder voice.

But the father bear had a very big, loud voice.

These three bears had nice soup for dinner every day.

The little baby bear had a small plate of soup.

The mother bear had a bigger plate of soup.

But the father bear had a big, big plate of soup.

The bears ate bread with their soup.

Now these bears had each a chair to sit in.

Baby bear had a very little chair.

Mother bear had a bigger chair.

And father bear had a big, big chair.

They had also, each one of them, a bed to sleep in.



“ HER MOTHER SAID TO HER, ‘ MARY, YOU MUST NOT GO NEAR THE WOOD. ’ ”

Baby bear had a little wee bed.
Mother bear had a bigger bed.
But the father bear had a very
big bed.

One day, when they had made their soup for dinner, it was so hot that father bear said, "My dears, we will take a little walk in the wood, to let our soup cool. I do not want you to burn your mouths.

"We shall not go far, so we need not lock the door. No one will come to see us to-day."

Now there lived near the wood a little girl named Mary. Her mother said to her, "Mary, you must not go near the wood, as three bears live there, and they might kill you."

Mary said, "No, mother dear, I will not play near the wood."

Mary was not a good little girl, as you will see, so one day she ran right into the wood to play.

When she saw the house where the bears lived, she said to herself, "What a pretty little house this is"—she did not know it was the bears' house—"I will just step inside and look at it."

But first she looked through the keyhole. "There is no one in," she said.

So she lifted the latch very softly, and stepped into the house.

When Mary saw the soup on the table she was very glad, and said, "How nice it smells; I will taste it."

She first took some of the big bear's soup. "Oh! dear," she said, "this is hot, it has burned my mouth."

Then she took some of the mother bear's soup, and that had too much salt in it.

After that she took some of the baby bear's soup, and that was so good that she ate it all.

Then the little girl said, "I am so tired, I will rest in one of these pretty chairs."

First she sat in the big father bear's chair, but that was so high she could not rest her feet on the floor.

Next she sat in the mother bear's chair, but that was too low for her.

Then she said, "I will sit in this dear little chair," and it was so soft and nice, and she sat in it so



FIRST SHE SAT IN THE BIG FATHER BEAR'S CHAIR

long, that the seat fell out upon the floor.

"I do not care," said this bad little girl, "I will go upstairs, and see what it is like up there."

This was the bears' bed-room, in which they slept.

There were three beds in it. One for father bear, one for mother bear, and a little wee bed for the baby bear.

Mary lay down on the big bed of the father bear, but that was very hard and high.

So then she lay down on the bed of the mother bear, but that was too soft.

Next she lay down on the bed of the little baby bear, and that was so very nice that she fell fast asleep in it.

After a little time the bears came home from their walk.

The big bear said in his big

loud voice, "Some one has been at my soup."

And the mother bear said, "Some one has been at my soup."

Baby bear said, "Some one has been at my soup, and has eaten it all up." And he began to cry.

But the father bear said, "Never mind, baby, dear, I will find out who it is, and I will beat him well, with my big stick."

Upon this the bears began to look about the house.

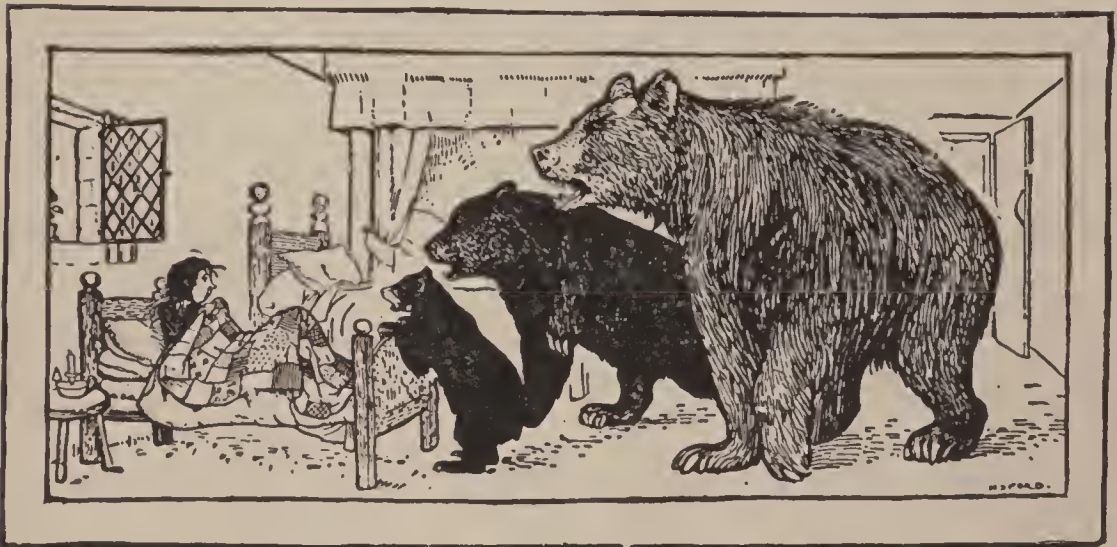
The big father bear said, "Some one has been sitting in my chair."

Mother bear said, "And some one has been sitting in my chair."

Baby bear said, "Some one has been sitting in my chair, and has broken it." And then he began

to cry again. And the father bear and the mother bear began to growl with their loud voices.

Now they went upstairs and father bear said, "Some one has been on my bed."



Mother bear said, "Some one has been on my bed."

Baby bear said, "Some one has been on my bed, and here she is."

The bears now growled louder

and louder, and they ran down stairs for their big sticks, that they might beat Mary with them. And they said, "We will beat her well. We will teach her not to come into our house again when we go out for a short walk."

But Mary awoke with the noise, and she felt sure it was the bears that her mother had often told her of.

She looked around the room, and saw that the window was open, and that it was a very low one, so she ran to it, jumped out, and fell down on the grass, but she did not hurt herself very much.

Mary ran home to her mother as fast as she could, and the bears

THE KIND BEASTS

ONCE on a time there were three princes. They lived with their stepsister. She was not a kind sister.

One day they all set out to hunt in the wood.

When they had gone a little way, they saw a big gray wolf, and she had with her three little baby cubs.

Just as the princes were going to shoot the big gray wolf, she said, "Do not shoot me, and I will give each of you one of my dear little baby cubs.

“You will find it a very true and kind friend when you are in need of one.”

So the princes went on their



ONE DAY THEY ALL SET OUT TO HUNT IN THE WOOD

way, through the wood, and a little wolf ran after each of them.

Soon after that, they met a lioness, with her three little baby

cubs, and she too said, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you each one of my baby cubs."

Next the princes met a fox, with her three little baby cubs, and just as they were going to shoot her, the fox said, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you each one of my baby cubs."

And so said the hare, the boar and the bear.

And so the three princes had each of them six little beasts behind him.

Soon it began to grow dark. The three princes made up their minds to go each his own way, so they said to their stepsister:—

"Which of us would you like to go with?" And she said, "I

will go with my eldest brother.”

Then the princes parted and said “Good night” to each other, and each one went his own way, and the little beasts ran after them.

The eldest prince and his step-sister had not gone far when they saw a house. It was a fine, large house, with bright lights in every room. They knew that in this house there lived a band of robbers.

But the prince was a very brave prince, so he went up to the front door, and gave a loud knock.

As soon as the door was opened, the little beasts rushed in, and killed the robbers, and threw them down into the cellar.

Now one of the robbers was not quite dead, but he was very



HE WENT UP TO THE FRONT DOOR AND GAVE A LOUD KNOCK

much hurt. He lay quite still, so that the prince and his step-

sister thought they were all dead.

Then the prince and his step-sister went into the house and lived there.

The next day the prince went out again to hunt in the wood. He said to his sister, before he went, "Be sure you do not go down into the cellar while I am away." The stepsister said she would not do so.

But as soon as the prince went out, the stepsister went down into the cellar.

As soon as she went in, the robber, who was not killed, sat up, and said to her:—

"Do what I tell you, and I will be kind to you and help you. I

will give you lots of silver and gold, and pretty ribbons and laces, and you shall be very rich and happy.

“When your brother comes back from the hunt with his beasts, go to him and say:—

“‘Brother, you are very strong. If I were to tie your hands behind you with a strong cord, could you get free?’ And when you have done so, call me.”

When the brother came home, his stepsister did as the robber had told her.

But the brother was very strong, and he soon set himself free; and said to her:—

“Sister, that cord is not strong enough to bind me.”

The next day the prince went out again to hunt in the wood with his beasts. The stepsister went down into the cellar to see



“ YOU MUST BIND YOUR BROTHER’S HANDS WITH A MUCH STRONGER CORD ”

the robber, as soon as her brother had gone.

The robber said to her, “ You must bind your brother’s hands with a much stronger cord.”

She did so, but again her brother got free, and he said to her, "You see I am very strong, that cord is of no use to bind me."

But the third day she took a very strong cord, made of silk, and she tied her brother's hands very tight behind his back.

The prince tried with all his might to get free, but he could not break the cord.

Then he called to her and said, "Sister, this time the cord is so strong, I cannot break it. Cut it at once, and set me free."

But she would not. She called the robber out of the cellar, and he rushed into the room, with a knife in his hand to kill the prince.

“Wait one moment,” said the prince, “put my horn in my mouth,



and let me blow it before I die.”

As soon as the beasts heard the

horn, they ran to their master to help him.

The lion killed the robber, and the fox cut the cord, and set the prince free.

The beasts would have killed the stepsister too, but the prince called them away.

The prince said to his stepsister, "You are a bad sister; but I will not kill you, I will leave you here, all alone.

"I hope you will be sorry for all the unkind things you have done to your brothers."

Then the prince and his beasts set out upon their way.

When they had gone a short distance, the prince said, "I feel very ill and weak, I fear I am



The faithful Beasts wept round the dead body of the Prince

going to die. Please bring me a cup of water!"

The wolf ran as fast as he could to a stream, and brought the prince a cup of clear water.

But it was of no use, the poor prince was so sick that he died. The kind beasts came around his body and wept. They were so sorry to lose such a good master.

CHIN CHIN CHINAMAN

THERE once lived in a small town in China a man whose name was Chin Chin.

He was a very steady man, and worked at his trade from early morn till late at night.

He had to do all the work in the house, as well, for he had no wife.

All the people in the town said, "What a good man Chin Chin is, and how hard he works.

"He never takes a holiday, like other people."

But let me tell you something



“ ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS MADE SUCH FUN OF HIM.”

work, and he was at his wits' ends to know what to do with it.

And then all the boys and girls made such fun of him.

And this hurt his feelings very much indeed.

One day, as luck would have it, a very wise doctor came to the town.

Chin Chin at once went to see if the doctor could cure his face.

“But the doctor shook his head, and said:—

“Mr. Chin Chin, I am afraid you have been doing something wrong. No drugs of mine will cure you.

“But if you will pay me a lot of money, I will tell you how you may get well.”

It was a long time before Chin Chin and the doctor could agree about the money.

But in the end Chin Chin had to part with nearly all he had.

Then the doctor told Chin Chin to go to the wood on the first night of the full moon, and to sit down under an old oak tree.

“After a time,” said the doctor, “you will see some tiny little people. These are the dwarfs. They live under the cabbage plants and in the flowers.

“At night when all the people are asleep and the moon is full in the sky, they dance and play in their fairy rings. When they see you, they will ask you to dance too.

“Mind that you dance your very best,” said the doctor.

“If you dance well and please them, they will cure your cheek.



THEN THE DOCTOR RAISED HIS CAP TO CHIN CHIN

“But if you do not dance well and do not please them, they will send you home again, with your big cheek.”

Then the doctor raised his cap to Chin Chin, and said, "Good-day, Mr. Chin Chin, I hope you will soon be better."

The first night of the full moon came and Chin Chin went out into the wood, all by himself.

And when he saw the big old oak tree, he got up into it.

As soon as he sat down on a branch of the tree, he saw the little dwarfs in the moonlight.

They came out from under every leaf and flower. Such a large number of them!

They were in high glee, and they danced and skipped around and round in their fairy rings.

At last one of the dwarfs looked

up into the oak tree and saw Chin Chin.

Then he cried, "Someone is up in the oak tree."

So they called out, "We see you up there. Come down at once, or we will come and fetch you."

Chin Chin was in great alarm, and he began to come down from the tree.

But just then he made a slip, and rolled down on the ground in front of the dwarfs.

The dwarf who had first seen him, and who was the captain of the dwarfs, said:—

"Now then, my man, who are you, and what are you doing here?"

Chin Chin was shaking with fear.
So he said:—

“Dear little friends, I have got



CHIN CHIN WAS SHAKING WITH FEAR

a very big cheek, and I do want
you to cure it for me.”

“Well, we will see about that,”
said the captain.

“First of all you must dance before us, and if your dancing pleases us, we may be able to cure you.

“But mind, if your dancing does not please us, we will punish you.

“So do your best and please us.”

With that, all the dwarfs sat round in a ring, and left Chin Chin in the middle to dance by himself.

Poor Chin Chin felt very weak from fright and wanted to get his breath.

But the dwarfs shouted to him, “Begin, begin.”

So Chin Chin began.

First he hopped on one foot, and then on the other.

But he was so stiff and cold that he could not dance.

The dwarfs were very angry when they saw Chin Chin could not dance.

And they shouted at him and said:—

“Thou hast brought one big cheek with thee, thou shalt go home with two.”

And with that they ran off, leaving Chin Chin to find his way home as best he could.

So poor Chin Chin went home, feeling very very sad.

When he rose the next day, he saw that his right cheek was as big as his left.

He could not see for his big cheeks, and when he went into

the street, the boys and girls laughed at him more than ever.

Chin Chin waited for a month, till the first night of the full moon came round again.

And then he went to the wood, and this time he sat down under the oak tree as the doctor had told him to do.

Ere long the dwarfs came out again.

When Chin Chin saw them he came out from under the oak tree, and made a low bow to the dwarfs.

But the dwarfs did nothing but laugh at Chin Chin's two big cheeks, for he did look very funny.

“What do you want here, my funny man?” said the dwarfs.

Then Chin Chin told the dwarfs all his troubles, and how the children in the streets made fun of his big cheeks.

And he begged of them to cure him, and to let him try once more to please them by dancing.

So the dwarfs felt sorry for Chin Chin, and gave their consent to this.

Now Chin Chin began to dance his very best.

And he danced so well and with such grace that the dwarfs were well pleased with him.

They clapped their little hands and shouted, “Well done, Chin Chin, well done. Go on, dance

more. We are all so pleased with you."



And Chin Chin danced on and on, till he could dance no more.

Then the captain of the dwarfs said:—

“We are well pleased with thee, Chin Chin; and as a reward, thy face shall be cured. Good-by.”

With these words he and the other dwarfs ran away, and were soon out of sight.

Chin Chin put his hands up to his face, and found to his great joy that both his cheeks were their right size.

Chin Chin went home to his house in high glee; and on his way he made up his mind never to steal again.

The next day the whole town was full of the news of Chin Chin's cure.

All his friends wanted to know how he had been so lucky.

But Chin Chin would not tell them.

He worked very hard at his trade, and at length, with great care, he became rich again.

His money was a great delight to him, because he had made it honestly.

And so Chin Chin ended his days in peace and happiness.

THE TALE OF A DRAKE

THERE was once a little drake who was very shrewd, or clever, as some people say.

He not only worked hard, but he put all the money he made in his little money box.

And so his money grew and grew, until at last the little box was quite full.

Now the king did not save his money. But he spent it as fast as he got it.

At last the day came when the king could not pay his way.

And when he heard that the

drake had saved a lot of money, he started off to the house of this clever bird, to see him.

When he got there he asked the drake to lend him some money.

The drake was not only shrewd, but very proud, as you will see.

So when the king asked the drake to lend him some money, he felt very proud.

And he said, "Oh yes, my noble king, I will lend you all my money."

So the drake brought his little box to the king, and lent him all his money.

Then the king said to the drake, "Good-day, Mr. Drake, you shall soon have your money back again,

and I will add some more to it to repay you for your kindness in lending it to me.”

The drake waited a year, but the king never came to repay the money.

So one fine day the drake started out to see the king, to ask him for his money.

On the way to the king's house he sang, “Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

He had not gone very far when he met a fox.

“Good-day, Mr. Drake,” said the fox. “Where are you off to so early in the day.”

“I am going to see the king, to ask him to give me what he



“SO THE DRAKE BROUGHT HIS LITTLE BOX TO THE KING.”

owes me," said the drake, in a very grand voice, for he was so proud to tell the fox that he had lent his money to the king.

"Oh, do take me with you," said the fox, "I should so much like to see the king."

"Very well, I will," said the drake; for he had a very kind heart, "but you must make yourself very small, so that I can carry you. Jump into my throat."

"You are a dear kind friend," said the fox.

And so he jumped into the drake's throat, and dropped into it, just like a letter that is put into the Post Office box.

Then the drake set off again as gay as a lark, singing:—

“Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

The drake had not gone far when he met his old friend, the ladder, leaning against a wall.

“Good-day, Mr. Drake!” said the ladder, “where are you off to so early in the day?”

The drake lifted his head in his grand way, and said:—

“My dear friend, I am going to see the king, and to ask him for what he owes me.”

“Ah, do take me with you, Mr. Drake,” said the ladder. “I long to see the king.”

“Well, well,” said the drake, “make yourself very small, and jump into my throat.”

“You dear kind friend,” said the



THE DRAKE MEETING HIS VARIOUS FRIENDS ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE KING'S PALACE

ladder, and she jumped into the drake's throat.

So off he set again singing:—

“Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

And the drake felt as happy as could be. A little way off he met another old friend, the river, rippling along so gaily in the summer sunshine.

“Where are you going all by yourself on this muddy road,” said the river.

Now the drake felt more proud than ever, and holding his head high in the air he said:—

“My dear River, I am going to see the king, and ask him for what he owes me.”

“Oh, do take me with you, Mr. Drake. You do not know how much I wish to see the king,” said the river.

“Yes, I will, dear River,” said the drake, “if you will make yourself very small, and if you will get into my throat, so that I can carry you with ease.”

“Many thanks, dear Mr. Drake,” said the river. And with a splash and a dash and a little care, the river jumped into the drake’s throat.

There she sat down between the fox and the ladder.

“Quack, quack, quack,” sang the drake.

And away he went as merry as a cricket.

Soon he met a wasp with his nest full of little ones.

“Good morning, Mr. Drake,” said the wasp. “Where are you going to-day?”

“I am going to see the king and ask him for what he owes me,” said the drake.

“Oh, do take me with you, Mr. Drake,” said the wasp. “I have wanted to see the king all my life, but have never yet seen him.”

“All right,” said the drake. “Bring all your little ones with you, and jump into my throat, so that I can carry you with ease.”

And so the wasp, with his nest full of little wasps, got into the drake's throat.

There was not much room left, so they had to sit very closely together.

And off went the drake singing his old merry song:—

“Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

Now very soon he came to the king's house.

And with a big stride, and with his proudest look, he stepped up to the king's gate.

“Who goes there?” said the watchman at the gate.

“It is I, the drake. I wish to speak to the king.”

So the watchman went inside to see if the king would see the drake.

“Oh, yes! to be sure,” said the

king. Bring him in and put him with the hens and chickens in the yard.”



I WISH TO SPEAK TO THE KING

So the watchman said, “Step inside, Mr. Drake. Come this way.”

“Now,” said the drake, “I shall soon see how people behave at court.”

“This way, this way, Mr. Drake,” said the watchman. “Step on a little further. There, there you are.”

“How! What! in the fowl yard!” said the drake.

And the drake felt very angry.

“Ah, so that is it, is it?” said the drake.

“Wait a while, we shall see if the king will treat me in this way.”

“Quack, quack, quack,” sang the drake; “when shall I get my money back?”

The hens and the chickens did not like the new comer; and when

they heard him sing, "Quack, quack," they were very cross.

"What is it?"

"What does he want?" they cried.

And they all ran around him to peck at him.

"I am lost," cried the drake.

And he called upon his friend the fox to come out and help him.

So out jumped the fox.

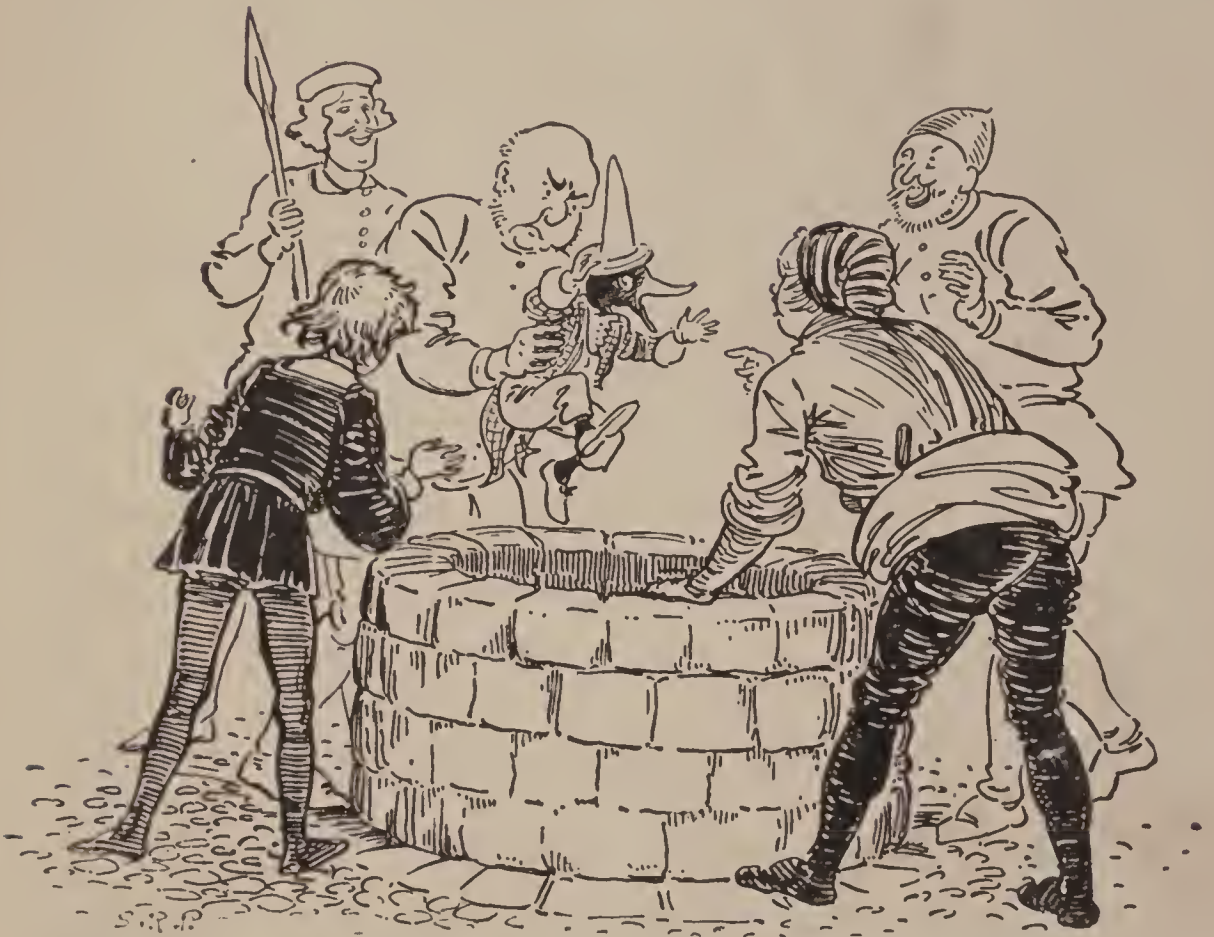
And he soon made quick work with the hens and the chickens.

For very soon there was not one of them left.

"Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?" sang the drake.

When the king heard the drake's

song, he was very cross, and he called his servants, who told him



THREW HIM DOWN INTO THE WELL

that the drake had killed all the hens and chickens.

“Now,” said the king, “take the drake and throw him down into the well and make an end of him.”

And then the servants took the poor drake and threw him down into the well, so that he thought he had not long to live.

But soon he thought of his friend, the ladder. And he called to her to come and help him.

At once the ladder jumped out of the drake's throat. And she leaned against the side of the well.

And the drake hopped up the steps, and out into the yard.

Then the drake sang louder than ever:—

“Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

When the king heard the drake singing he was very, very cross, and he said to his servants:—

“Did I not tell you to put the drake into the well and make an end of him?”

And the servants said:—

“My noble King, we did as you told us. But it was of no use; the drake found his way out of the well. We fear we cannot get rid of him.”

“You must get rid of him,” said the king.

“Make up a very big fire, and throw the drake on to it and burn him to death.”

So the servants did as they were told, and made a very big fire.

But as soon as the drake saw the fire, he called upon his friend the river to come out

of his throat and put out the fire.

The river came out of the drake's throat, and not only did she put out the fire, but she flowed on and on into the king's room.

Then the drake ran into the room and began to swim about on the water.

And he sang louder than ever:—

“Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

The king was so angry he did not know what to do with himself.

So he called to one of his servants and said:—

“Bring that wicked drake to me,

and I will make an end of him. I will cut off his head.”

When the drake saw the king



with a knife in his hand, he said :—

“Now my end has come.”

And as a last chance, he called out his friends the wasps.

And they flew into the king's face, and stung him so much that the king ran to the window to jump out.

But in his haste he fell into the street, and broke his neck and died.

So this was the end of the king who did not take care of his money.

Then the drake became master of the house.

So he set to work to find his money, but he could not find it. The king had spent it all.

Then the drake sat on the king's throne. And when the people heard the news they all ran into the king's house.

And when they saw the proud drake seated on the throne, they

all cried out in a loud voice :
“ God save the king ! ”

And they put a crown of gold
on the drake's head.

Thus after all his trials, the
drake became a king.

But he never forgot his kind
friends—the fox, the ladder, the
river and the wasps.

TWO IN A SACK

WHAT a life that poor man led with his wife!



WHAT A LIFE THAT POOR MAN LED WITH HIS WIFE.

Not a day went by, but she was cross with him, and very often beat him with her broom.

One day when his wife had been very unkind to him, and had beaten

him until he was black and blue all over, he went out into the fields, so that he might get a little peace.

The man was not at all an idle man, so he spread out his net in the field to catch some birds.

And what do you think he caught?

He caught a very big bird called a crane. And the crane said to him:—

“Do let me fly away, my good man.”

“No, no, my dear bird,” said the man, “I will not let you fly away.”

“I will take you home with me, and then perhaps my wife will not be so cross.”

“Ah, no,” said the crane, “you come home with me to my house.”



And so they both went to the crane's house.

When they got there, what do you think the crane did?

Well, he took down a big sack

from a nail on the wall, and he said:—

“Two out of a sack!”

And at once two pretty little boys jumped out of the sack.

They brought with them two little tables, and spread on them silk covers, and put on cakes, fruit and milk.

The man ate as much as he could, and drank two glasses of milk. He felt very happy, and said to the crane:—

“This is lovely!”

Then the crane said to the man:—

“Go home, and take this sack with you, and give it to your wife.”

The man said, “Thank you, my

dear Crane.” So he took the sack on his back and set out.

His home was a very long way off, and he got very tired. So he stopped to rest at the house of his aunt.

Now his aunt put the supper on the table, but the man could not eat it.

And he said, “Aunt, your supper is bad; clear it away.”

And, taking out his sack, he said:—

“Two out of a sack!”

And out came the two pretty little boys. They brought out the little wood tables as before, put on the covers of silk, and spread out the cakes, fruit and milk.

The aunt was so much pleased

with the supper that she made up her mind to steal the sack.



SO SHE SAID TO THE MAN: "YOU ARE VERY TIRED"

So she said to the man:—

"You are very tired, and the

water in the bathroom is warm. Take a bath and lie down and rest yourself before you go home.”

When the man was safe in the bathroom, she got a sack out of the cellar, just like the one the man had brought.

Then she changed the two sacks, and took the man's sack into the cellar, and locked the door.

The man had his bath, and a good sleep. And then set off home, with his sack.

All the way home he sang to himself, for he felt very happy.

As soon as he saw his house, he called out to his wife to come and meet him.

But his wife called back :—

“If you come here I will beat you with my broomstick.”

The man hung down his head, went into the house, and put his sack on the wall, and said:—

“Two out of a sack!”

But no one came out of the sack.

Then he said again:—

“Two out of a sack!”

But no one came out of the sack.

Then his wife brought her wet broom and beat him so that the man ran again to the field and told his story to the crane.

“Come back to my house,” said the crane, “and I will help you.”

And so they went again to the crane’s house.

As soon as they got there, the crane took down a sack from the wall, and said:—

“Two out of a sack!”

And two pretty lads jumped out of the sack, brought out the little wood tables, spread on them the silk covers, and put on cakes and fruit and milk.

“Take this sack,” said the crane.

“Thank you, my dear Crane. I shall never forget your kindness to me,” said the man.

So he took the sack and went on his way.

He had a long way to walk, and he began to feel tired and hungry.

So he sat down by the wayside and he said to the sack:—

“Two out of a sack!”

And all at once two big men came out of the sack with big sticks in their hands. And they beat him well, until he said:—

“Two into a sack!”

Then the two men ran back into the sack.

The man now put the sack on his back, and went again to the house of his aunt.

He hung up the sack on a nail in the wall. And he said:—

“Aunt, I am so tired. Do please give me a nice warm bath, like the one you gave me before when I came to see you.”

And the man went into the bathroom, and he listened at the door.



THE MAN WENT INTO THE BATHROOM, AND HE LISTENED AT THE
DOOR

Then the aunt said:—

“Two out of a sack!”

And the two big men jumped out of the sack and beat the aunt until she began to cry.

So the man came out of the bathroom, and said to the men:—

“Two into a sack!”

Now the man took both sacks—the good one and the bad one, and went on his way home.

When he got near his house he called to his wife to come and help him with the sacks.

But she only called back to him and said:—

“If you come here I will beat you.”

So the man went into his house and hung his sacks up on the wall.

To the first sack he said:—

“Two out of a sack!”

And the two pretty boys came out of the sack.

They brought out the two tables as before, put on the silk covers and spread out upon them the cakes, fruit and milk.

The woman ate and drank as much as she could, for she was greatly pleased, and said:—

“Well now, old man, I will be kind to you, and I will never beat you again.”

When the man had done eating, he said:—

“Two into a sack!”

So the boys went back into the sack.

Then the man carried off the

good sack and locked it up in the cellar.



Then he went out into the yard.
And his wife said to the bad
sack:—

“Two out of a sack!”

And out jumped the two big men with their big sticks. And they beat her so that she was black and blue all over.

The woman called out, "Old man! Old man! do come here quick, and help me. These bad men will kill me."

But her husband only laughed, and said:—

"Yes, and I hope they will beat you well, old lady."

At last the man took pity on her, and said:—

"Two into a sack!" And the men went back into the sack again.

From this time the man and his wife lived together in peace. It was pleasant now to see them so happy. And so the story ends.



“ONE DAY A VERY WISE DOCTOR CAME TO SEE HER.”

THE MONKEY AND THE JELLY-FISH

LITTLE children often wonder why jelly-fish have no shells, as many other fish have that are washed up on the beach every day.

In old times this was not so.

The jelly-fish had as hard a shell as any of them.

But he lost it through his own fault, as I will tell you in this story.

The sea-queen, Oso, grew very ill.

The biggest fish were sent to fetch the best doctors that could be found under the sea.

But the sea-queen grew worse and worse.

Everyone had almost given her up, when one day a very wise doctor, much more learned than all the rest, came to see her.

He said the only thing that could cure her was the heart of an ape.

Now, apes, or monkeys do not live in the sea.

So all the fish put their heads together to think how they could get the heart of an ape.

At last the turtle, who, as we all know, is very wise, said he would swim to land and bring an ape into the sea.

It was a very easy thing for him to *say* he would do this; but

it was not at all an easy thing to do.

Well, this is what he did.

He swam to a part of the shore, which was all covered with tall trees.

Here, he knew the apes lived.

For the turtle was old and wise, and knew many things.

It was a long time before he caught sight of the monkeys.

And he grew very tired of waiting for them.

So one hot day he fell fast asleep.

By and by some apes saw him, and they stole down very softly, and stood looking at him.

They had never seen a turtle



AT LAST ONE VERY BOLD MONKEY STOOPED DOWN AND STROKED
THE TURTLE'S HARD SHELL

before, and did not know what to make of it.

At last one very bold monkey stooped down and stroked the turtle's hard shell.

And that soft stroke awoke the turtle. And he caught the monkey's hand in his mouth and held it fast.

The monkey pulled with all his might. But he could not get his hand away.

When the other apes saw this they began to scream, and they all ran away as fast as they could, and left their poor little brother fast in the turtle's mouth.

Then the turtle said to the monkey :—

“ If you will be quiet, and do

what I tell you, I will not hurt you.

“But you must get on my back and come with me.”

The monkey did as he was bid, for he could not help himself because his hand was still quite fast in the turtle's mouth.

When they got down to the sea the turtle got quickly into the water in great delight.

And he swam faster than ever he had done before in his life.

And thus he soon came to the queen's house.

When the fish saw that the turtle had brought the monkey, they shouted for joy.

And they gave the monkey such

a kind welcome that he felt quite at his ease.

Every now and then, the monkey thought of his home, and of his little brothers and sisters, whom he had left behind.

When he thought of them, he felt very sad.

And whenever he felt sad, he would hide himself in a dark corner, till the sad feeling passed away.

He was in one of those fits of sadness when a jelly-fish swam by.

At that time jelly-fishes had shells.

As soon as the jelly-fish saw the poor monkey looking so sad he was filled with pity for him.

And he said, "Poor Monkey, I am so sorry for you. In a few



AS SOON AS THE JELLY-FISH SAW THE POOR MONKEY LOOKING SO SAD HE WAS FILLED WITH PITY FOR HIM.

days the fish will kill you, and give your heart to the queen to eat."

When the monkey heard this, he began to cry and scream, and he said:

“Oh, dear me! what wrong have I done that I should be killed?”

“Oh!” said the jelly-fish, “you have done no wrong, but our queen is very ill; and your heart is the only thing that will cure her.

“We cannot get your heart unless we kill you, so try and be brave about it, and do not be a baby and cry.”

Then the jelly-fish swam away.

At first the monkey felt as if his heart had been taken away from his body.

Then he began to think and wonder how he could get away.

For a few days he acted as if he were as gay and happy as before.

But when the sun went down, and it was quite dark, he began to cry and howl until the daylight came.

When it was light the turtle came to see what was the matter.

So the monkey told him that before he left home, he had hung his heart out on a bush to dry, and that if the rain came it would spoil it.

And the monkey made a great fuss about it, and begged very hard that someone should carry him back to land to get it.

So the queen talked the matter

over with the other fish, and they said :—

“The best plan would be to send the turtle back with the monkey, to get his heart.”

“But,” said the queen to the turtle, “be sure you do not lose sight of the monkey for one moment, or you may lose him.”

“No, no,” said the turtle. “I will keep my eye upon him, you may be sure.”

So the monkey went off to land again on the turtle’s back, with very great joy.

They set off with great speed for the monkey’s home.

And as soon as the monkey saw his little brothers and sisters in the trees, he sprang up onto the

nearest branch, and only just saved his hind leg from the mouth of the turtle.



THEY SET OFF WITH GREAT SPEED FOR THE MONKEY'S HOME.

When he told his brothers and sisters all the dreadful things that had happened to him, they all gave a loud cry.

Then they rushed at the poor turtle to kill him, and they tore off his shell and threw his body back into the sea without it.

The poor turtle swam back to the queen's house as best he could, for he felt very sad and very cold and ill.

The queen was sorry for the turtle, and gave him another shell, for she said he had done his best.

But the queen said, "The jelly-fish is the one to blame, for he told the monkey that we were going to kill him, so that we might get his heart."

And the queen said, "In order to punish the jelly-fish for telling tales, he must go without a shell forever."

THE SUN-CHILD

WHAT I am going to tell you took place a long, long time ago.

In a little house in a wood, there lived a poor woman who had no child.

This made her feel very sad and very lonely.

So one day when she saw the sun high up in the sky, she said:—

“Dear Sun, I do feel so sad, for I have no little child.

“Do send me a little girl, to be all my own.

“And when she is ten years

old, I will give her back again to you.”

So, soon after this, the sun sent a little girl to the woman. And she called her Ray. And the woman loved Ray very much, and she took great care of her until she was ten years old.

But one morning, Ray went down the lane to gather some pretty wild flowers for her mother. Ray loved the wild flowers, and so did her mother.

And just as she had gathered a big bunch of daisies and violets, the sun came to her and said:—

“Now, Ray, you are ten years old; you must go home and tell your mother that she must think of her promise to me.”

And Ray went home and told her mother what the sun had said to her.

When the mother heard what the sun had told Ray, she felt very sad.

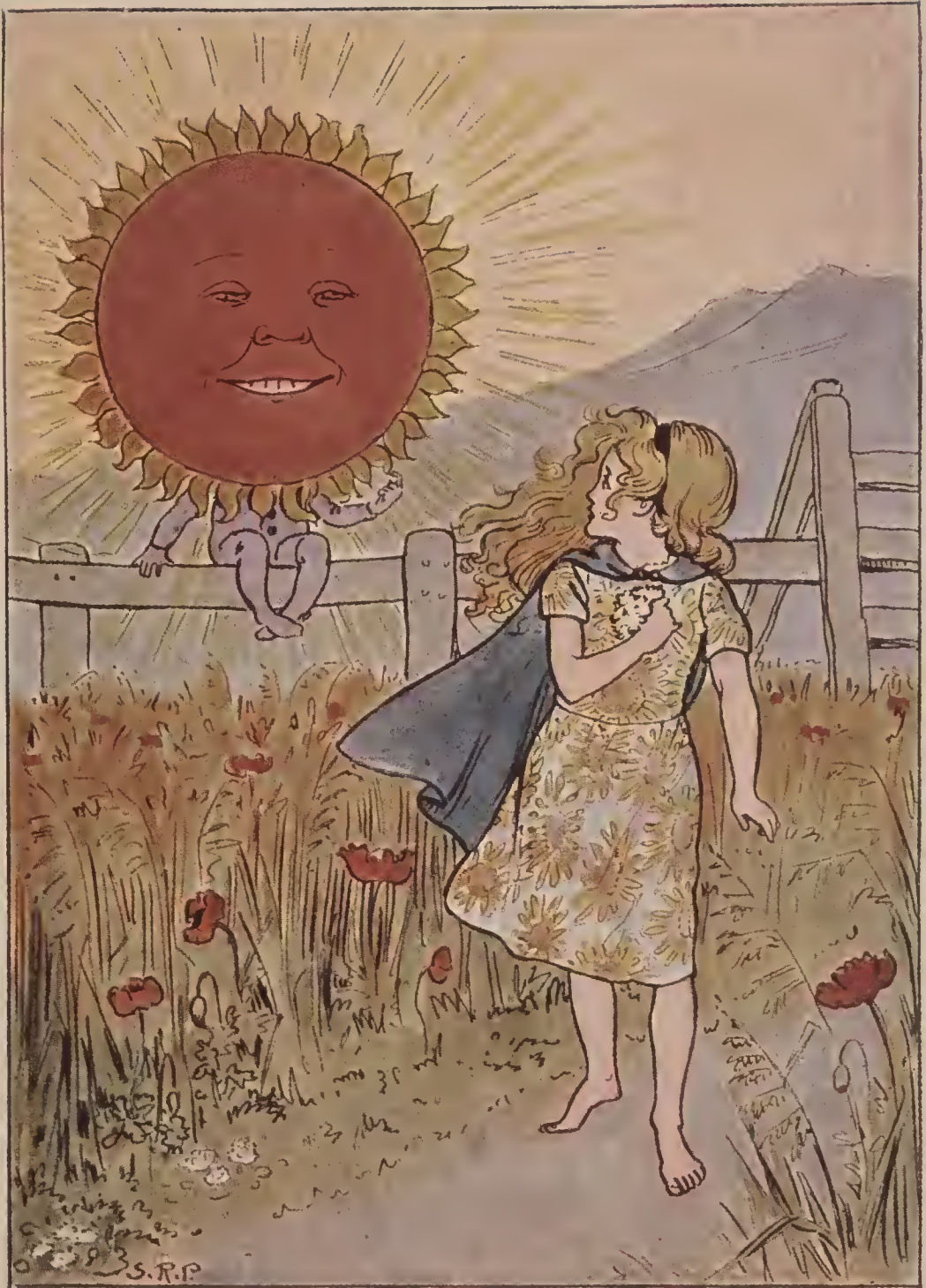
Then the woman shut all the windows and doors, and she drew down all the blinds in the house, so that the sun could not find Ray to take her away.

But the poor woman forgot to close up the keyhole.

And into that little keyhole the sun sent a little sunbeam.

And this little sunbeam caught up Ray and took her away in his arms to the sun.

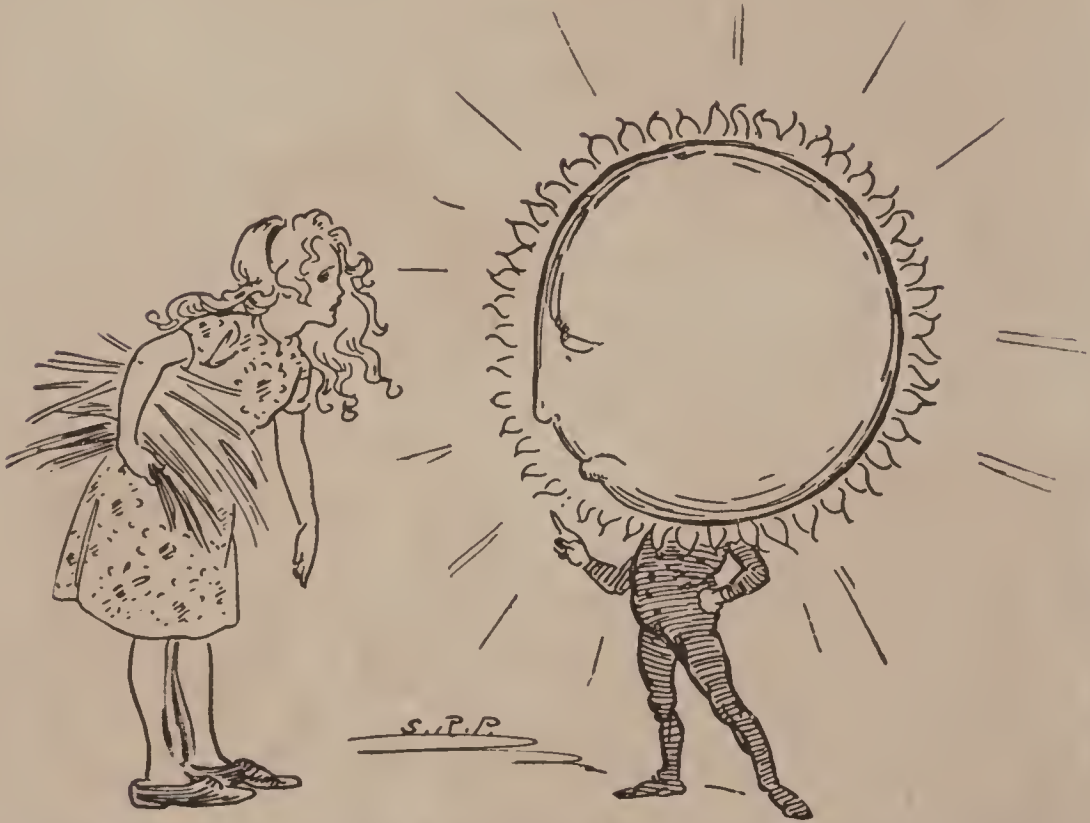
One day the sun sent Ray out for some straw.



“THE SUN CAME TO HER AND SAID: ‘NOW, RAY, YOU ARE
TEN YEARS OLD!’”

But the little girl sat down on the straw and began to cry for her mother.

She stayed such a long time



RAY SAID TO THE SUN, "MY SHOES ARE SO LONG I COULD NOT GO FASTER."

that the sun asked her when she came back why she had been so long away.

And Ray said to the sun, "My

shoes are so long I could not go faster.”

Then the sun made the shoes shorter.

On the next day the sun sent Ray for some water.

And when she came to the spring she sat down and began to cry for her mother.

Again she was so long away that the sun asked her why she stayed so long a time.

“My skirt is so long,” said Ray, “I could not go faster.”

Then the sun cut her skirt and made it shorter.

The sun sent her the day after that to bring him a pair of shoes.

When she came back the sun

said, "Ray, why are you so late home?"

And Ray said, "My red hood is too big for me. I could not go faster."

Then the sun made the red hood smaller.

At last the sun saw that Ray was not happy, so he made up his mind to send her back again to her mother.

And he sent for two little foxes, who lived in a wood close by, and the sun said to them:—

"Little Foxes, will you take my Ray home to her mother for me?"

"Yes, why not?" said the foxes.

"But what will you eat on the

way, for it is a long way to her home?" said the sun.

"Oh, we will eat Ray," said the little foxes.

So the sun gave them a frown, and sent them away, saying:—

"Go away, you will not do."

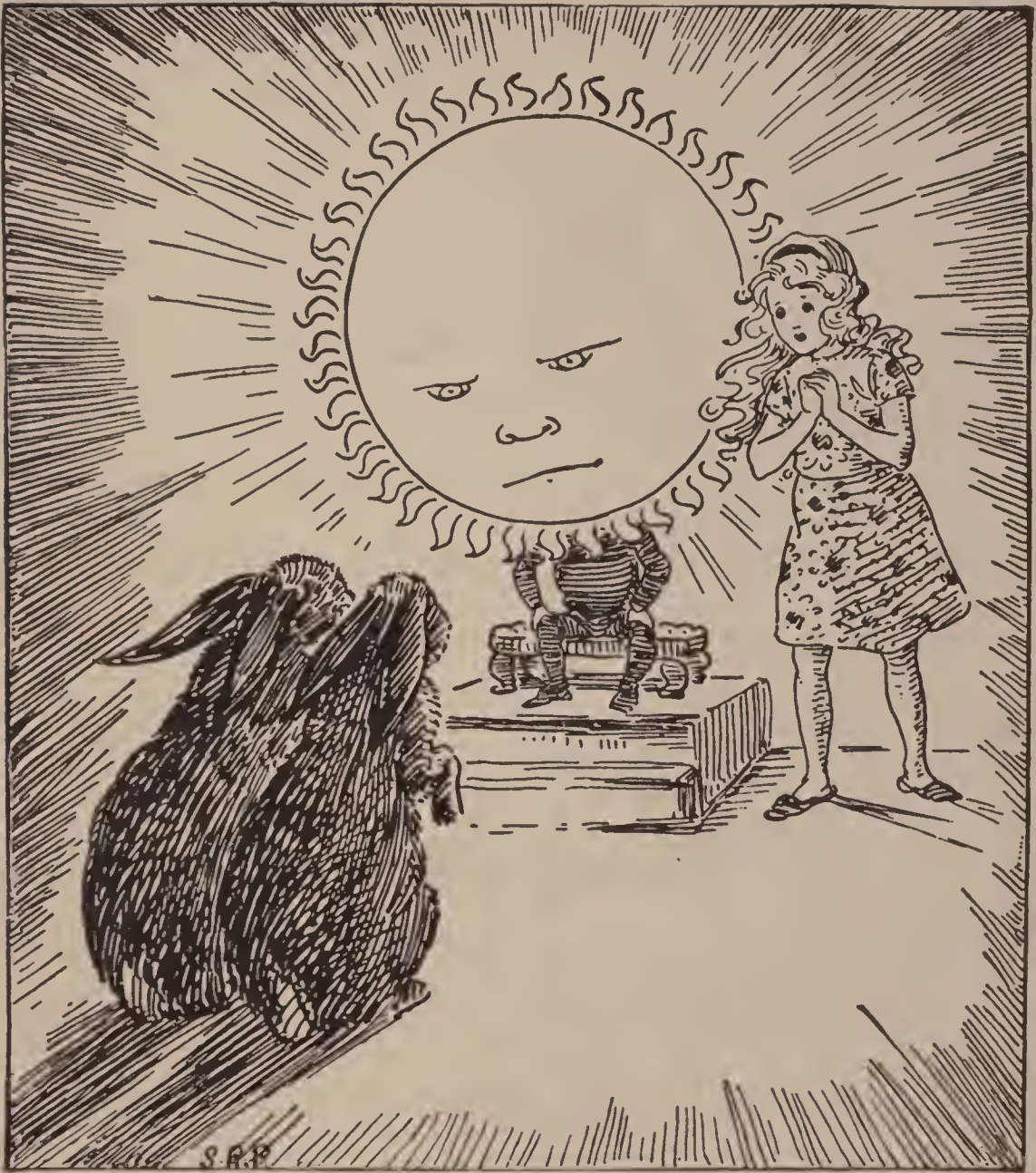
Then he called two little hares, who lived under a bush down the lane.

And he said to them:—

"Little Hares, will you take my Ray home to her mother for me?"

"Oh, yes," said the hares, "for we are sure she is not happy with us. We have often seen her crying in the lane."

"Well, and what will you eat on the way?" said the sun to the hares.



THEN HE CALLED TO TWO LITTLE HARES, WHO LIVED UNDER A BUSH DOWN THE LANE.

“Oh, we can find plenty of grass to eat,” said the hares.

“Then take her home,” said the sun.

“And take great care of her, for she is a dear good child.”

So the hares set out upon their way, and Ray went with them.

It was such a long way to Ray’s home that the hares began to feel very hungry.

So they said, “Dear little Ray, we are very hungry. So while we eat a bit of grass for our dinner, you climb up into this tree, and eat your cake and rest yourself.”

And Ray did as the hares told her to do.

Just then a little old woman came out of a hut close by. When she saw Ray up in the tree, she said:—

“Little Girl,
come down and
see what pretty
shoes I have.

“Come down
at once! I am
in a hurry, for
my house is
not swept.”

“I will not
come down,”
said Ray; “go
home, old Wo-
m a n , a n d
s w e e p y o u r
house.”

Then the old
woman went
away and swept
her house.



But she soon came back again, and said:—

“Little Girl, come down and see what a pretty apron I have for you.”

“If you do not come to me, I will cut down the tree, and kill you.”

Then Ray called out:—

“Little Hares! little Hares! do come to me. This old woman says she will cut down the tree and kill me.”

And the hares came back as fast as they could.

Then Ray came down from the tree. And she got on to the back of one of the hares and they ran off as fast as ever they could.

The old woman ran after them, but the hares went so very fast that the old woman could not catch them, and they were soon out of sight.

When Ray got nearly home, the old dog saw her. And he ran quickly to his mistress and said:—

“Bow, wow! see, our little Ray has come home.”

But the mistress said “Hush! you bad Dog, you make me feel very sad.” And the poor mother began to cry.

Then the cat on the roof of the house saw Ray, and she ran to her mistress and said:—

“Mew! mew! see, our little Ray has come back.”

But the mistress said:—

“Go away you bad Cat, you make me feel very sad.” And again she began to cry.



RAY GETS HOME SAFE AFTER ALL.

Then the cock in the yard called out:—

“Cock-a-doodle-do! See, Mistress, here comes our little Ray.”

But the mother said, "Be quiet, you make me feel so sad."

Soon the two hares came close to the house, and when the mother looked up, and saw her little Ray, she cried for joy.

And she said, "Welcome home my little Ray of Sunshine. Come into the house and bring your little pet hares with you."

And so they all lived together ever after as happy as could be.

TOADS AND DIAMONDS

I

THERE was once upon a time a lady who had two girls.

They lived in a pretty little house just at the edge of a large wood.

The elder was so much like her in the face, and in temper, that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother.

They were both so proud and hateful that there was no living with them.

The younger was just like her

father for kindness and sweetness of temper.

She was also one of the most lovely girls that ever was seen.

As people are sure to love their own likeness, this mother was very fond of her elder daughter, and at the same time hated the younger.

She made her eat in the kitchen, and always kept her hard at work.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day, to draw water more than a mile and a half from the house, and bring home a big jug full of it.

One day, when she was at the well, there came to her a poor woman who begged of her to let her drink.

“O yes, with all my heart, Goody,” said this pretty little girl;



and rinsing out the jug, she took up some water from the well.

“Here it is,” said she, holding

up the jug all the while that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drunk, said to her:—

“You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so kind, that I cannot help making you a gift.”

Now she was a fairy who had taken the form of a poor woman, to see how far the kindness and good manners of this pretty girl would go.

“I will give you for gift,” said the fairy, “that, at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel.”

When this pretty girl came home, her mother was cross with

her for staying so long at the well.

“I beg your pardon, mamma,” said the poor girl, “for not making more haste.”

And in speaking these words there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls and two diamonds.

“What is it I see there?” said her mother. “I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl’s mouth! How happens this, child?”

This was the first time she had ever called her “child.”

The poor girl told her the whole story, but not without dropping out a great number of pearls.

“I declare,” cried the mother, “I must send my child there.

“Come here, Fanny; look what comes out of your sister’s mouth when she speaks. Would you not be glad, my dear, to have these given to you?

“You have nothing else to do, but go and draw water out of the well, and when a poor woman asks you to let her drink, to give it her very kindly.”

“It would be a very fine sight, indeed,” said this ill-bred girl, “to see me drawing water.”

“You shall go!” said the mother; “and this minute.”

So away she went, but angry all the way, taking with her the best silver jug in the house.

II

SHE was no sooner at the well, than she saw coming out of the wood, a lady wearing a most lovely dress, who came up to her, and asked for a drink.

This was, you must know, the very same fairy who came to her sister, but had now taken the dress of a princess, to see how far this girl's rudeness would go.

“Am I come here,” said the proud, saucy girl, “to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver jug was brought just for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you like.”

“You are not over polite,” said the fairy, without getting angry. “Well, then, since you have



such bad manners, and are so unkind, I give you for gift, that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad.”

So soon as her mother saw her coming, she cried out:

“Well, my girl?”

“Well, mother?” said the pert girl, throwing out of her mouth two snakes and two toads.

“O dear!” cried the mother; “what is it I see? It is that wretch, her sister who has done all this; but she shall pay for it”; and away she ran to beat her.

The poor child ran away from her, and went to hide herself in the wood not far away.

The king’s son, who was just going home from hunting, met her, and seeing her so very pretty, asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried.

“ Alas ! sir, my mamma has turned me out of doors.”

The king's son, who saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds come out of her mouth, asked her to tell him why her mother had done this.

So she told him the whole story; and the king's son fell in love with her.

He thought to himself; that such a gift was worth more than a great deal of money. So he led her to the palace of the king his father, and there married her.

Her sister made herself so much hated, that no one, not even her own mother, would have anything to do with her, and at last she died very sad and alone.

FAIRY TALE BOOKS

The Sleeping Beauty, And Other Stories.

12mo, cloth. With 25 Illustrations. 120 pages. \$0.20.

Containing: The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, The Bronze Ring, East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

Prince Darling, And Other Stories.

12mo, cloth. With 39 Illustrations. 216 pages. \$0.40.

Containing: Prince Darling, The White Cat, The Wonderful Sheep, The Yellow Dwarf, The Story of Prince Ahmed, and the Fairy Paribanon.

The Princess on the Glass Hill, And Other Stories.

12mo, cloth. With 27 Illustrations. 168 pages. \$0.30.

Containing: The Princess on the Glass Hill, The Terrible Head, Felicia and the Pot of Pinks, The Water Lily, The Gold-Spinners, Blue Beard, The Story of Pretty Goldilocks, The Tale of a Youth Who Set Out to Learn What Fear Was.

The History of Whittington, And Other Stories.

12mo, cloth. With 27 Illustrations. 168 pages. \$0.30.

Containing: The History of Whittington, The Goose-Girl, Trusty John, The Forty Thieves, The Master Maid, Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.

Jack the Giant Killer, And Other Stories.

12mo, cloth. With 22 Illustrations. 120 pages. \$0.20.

Containing: Jack the Giant Killer, Prince Hyacinth, Beauty and the Beast.

Little Red Riding Hood, And Other Stories.

12mo, cloth. With 25 Illustrations. 104 pages. \$0.20.

Containing: Little Red Riding Hood, Toads and Diamonds, Snow White and Rose-Red, Hansel and Grettel, The Brave Little Tailor.

Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper, And Other Stories.

12mo, cloth. With 20 Illustrations. 104 pages. \$0.20.

Containing: Cinderella, Rumpelstilzkin, The Master Cat; or, Puss in Boots, Why the Sea is Salt, Little Thumb.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., *Publishers,*

91 & 93 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

CHATTY READINGS IN ELEMENTARY SCIENCE.

Edited by A. GRACE GIBSON, Model Department, New York Training School for Teachers.

Book I.	12mo.	124 page.	\$0.36.
“ II.	“	132 “	.36.
“ III.	“	186 “	.45.

All the best known animals, both wild and tame, are studied, and in Book III., the leading feature is an interesting study of plant life. Each volume contains many illustrations. Some colored.

The teaching of kindness to animals is now universally recognized as a part of every child's education. Throughout these lessons the humane treatment of animals is unobtrusively but consistently inculcated. Suitable for third or fourth year classes.

LONGMANS' HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE READERS.

Lessons in Nature Study and Household Science. With many Illustrations. 133 pages and over 60 Illustrations. \$0.42.

This book is intended to provide reading matter to accompany the lessons in nature study and household science given in the third school year, with the hope, also, that the pictures of family life, relationships, and needs will foster in the child-readers a spirit of loving helpfulness in their homes.

Some of the lessons may appropriately follow the study of the subjects or topics of which they treat; for example, "A Talk About Bread-Seeds," "Some Common Fruits," and "The Story of Salt." Others may serve as introductions to practical lessons; for example, "What the Little Ones Say," "Living Seeds," and "The Baby Sister."

A PICTORIAL GEOGRAPHICAL READER.

12mo. 170 pages, with 7 Colored Plates and 75 other Illustrations. \$0.36.

A class reader for the third grade to supplement the oral teaching of geography. It is written in simple colloquial style, and is intended to stimulate thought and arouse a keen interest in the work. A summary at the end of the lessons is provided as a help to the teacher.

Supt. W. N. Hailman, Dayton, Ohio:—"I congratulate you upon the character and make-up of these works. The text is good, and the illustrations are excellent. They will prove a valuable addition."

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., *Publishers,*
91 & 93 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

A selected list of Supplementary Reading Books adapted to the Higher Grammar Grades :

- BRASSEY'S Voyage in the "Sunbeam."** By LADY BRASSEY. Adapted for School and Class Reading. With 37 Illustrations and Map. 12mo. 384 pages.....\$0.75
This is a story of a ten months' cruise around the world, and is full of interesting information about foreign lands. As a supplementary reading-book and a means of teaching Geography it has proved very successful.
- DOYLE'S Micah Clarke:** A Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "The Refugees," etc., etc. Abridged and adapted for School Reading. With illustrations by H. R. PAGET and H. R. MILLAR. 12mo. 216 pages.....\$0.50
- HIGGINSON'S Young Folks' Book of American Explorers.** By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. With Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth\$1 20
8 Separate parts in paper covers.. Each, \$0.15
- LANG'S Blue Poetry Book.** Edited by ANDREW LANG. New Edition without Illustrations, for Use in Schools, with Lives of the Authors of the Poems. (Adopted for use in the Boston Public Schools.) 16mo\$0.60
"The volume is, in short, a treasure-house of the best and noblest creations of poetic genius, and the children who read it can hardly fail to develop a taste for good literature."—*Christian at Work.*
- LANG'S True Story Book.** Edited by ANDREW LANG. New Edition, with 22 Illustrations, for Use in Schools.....\$0.50
- LANG'S Red True Story Book.** Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 41 Illustrations by HENRY J. FORD. For Use in Schools..\$0.50
- LODGE'S Boston.** By HENRY CABOT LODGE. (*Historic Towns.*) Second Edition. With two Maps. 12mo. \$1.25
- LONGMANS' "Ship" Literary Reader No. 5.** 234 pages, Humorous Illustrations. Containing Stories from Blackmore, Bret Harte, F. Anstey, Mark Twain, Dickens, etc., and Poems of James Whitcomb Riley and others \$0.45
- LONGMANS' "Ship" Literary Reader No. 6.** 280 pages, Humorous Illustrations.....\$0.45
A 24-page circular, descriptive of this new series of Readers, will be sent to anyone on request.
- ROOSEVELT'S New York.** By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. With 3 Maps. (*Historic Towns.*) 12mo.....\$1.25
- WITT'S The Retreat of the Ten Thousand.** Translated by FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. With a Preface by H. G. DAKYNS, M. A. With Route Map, 12 Full-page Plates, and 17 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo..... \$1.25
- WITT'S The Trojan War.** Translated from the German by FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. Crown 8vo.....\$0.60

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., Publishers

91 & 93 Fifth Avenue, New York City

PARABLES

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

By WENDELL P. GARRISON. With
twenty-one wood-cuts by Gustav Kruell
12mo, cloth. 228 pages. \$1.25

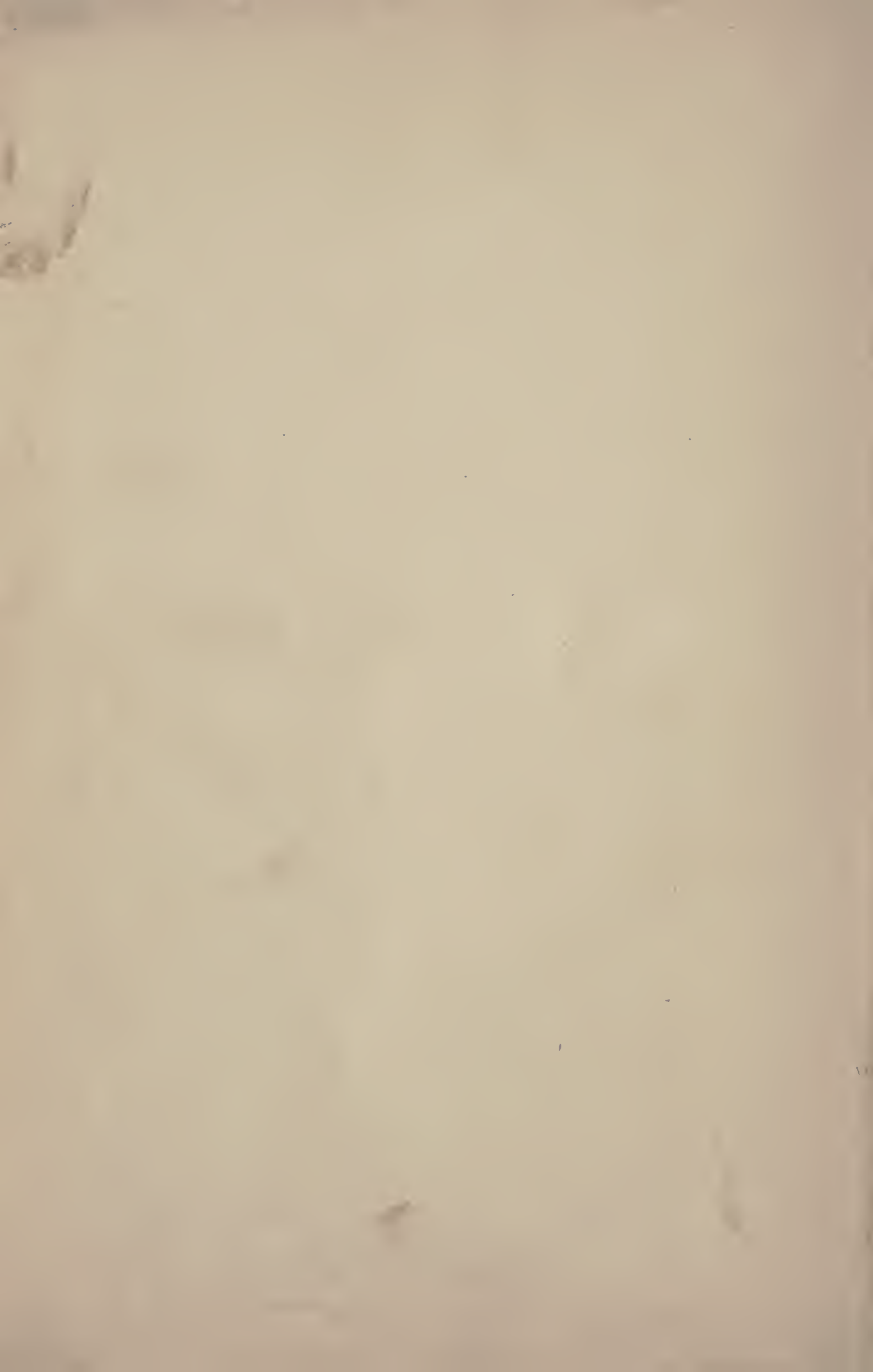
THIS book originated in a sense of the difficulty not merely of inculcating moral ideas, but of forming the habit of moral reasoning—that is, of fostering the growth of principle—in the young. A proper sub-title would be “Brief Readings in Applied Morals.” It consists of twenty such readings actually delivered by the author in country schools, and afterward reported in writing by the pupils as an exercise in attention, memory, and expression. They were welcomed by the teachers, who regarded them as an adjunct in English instruction. They are also calculated to excite interest in history, geography, and biography.

“Delightful fifteen-minute chats. * * * They are all bright and readable, and are not marred by cant or goody-goodness. They are the conversations of a gentleman with his sons and daughters. * * * It may be highly recommended to parents, guardians, and teachers wherever English is spoken.”
—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

“It is quite as valuable in the home as in the school, and it will inculcate goodness in the child who reads, no matter what his age. The manner is quite original. * * * It treats of something that will interest the child while it will improve his mind; and the too often aggressive and repellent moral, in works of its kind, is carefully and ingeniously concealed.”—*Harper's Magazine.*

“This is a book of unusual excellence. * * * He skilfully avoids the ‘goody-goody’ tone of most moralists, who dress up the virtues so as to make them odious to healthy children. Each essay has one or more anecdotes, which ought to teach the moral the writer wishes to convey. Thus, in the course of the book, the child makes the acquaintance of a good many historical personages, he has his curiosity aroused on many elementary matters in art and science, and, above all, he has his reason constantly appealed to.”
—*Harvard Graduates' Magazine.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Publishers
91 AND 93 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



AUG 23 1903

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



4

0 027 316 487 A